



# The Argosy



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No. 2

## "Rugby Ball" Scores!

### HOLLYWOOD STAR MAKES PERSONAL APPEARANCE HERE



After the closing bars of "O Canada," had died away and students had been sufficiently overcome and silently awed by the sight of "Lon", Olga Laruska welcomed the guests to the school, then introduced the "introducer," Sgt. Corry.

Sgt. Corry declared, "Ah won't teyk up yoah tahn cause ah know yu'd rather lissen to Lahn than tuh me." And everyone heartily applauded. He did, however, take time to give a short account of Lon's career and his abilities as an actor.

"Thank you, Sgt. Corry."

"Yeeeeee!!" (Audience reaction).

"You know, Sgt. Corry and I are old friends. Miss Talluh Bankhead introduced us five years ago in New York. We were at the Red Cross Centre and the Sgt. brought me a hamburger."

(Isn't he cute! He looks just like he did in "Home In Indiana." I'm glad, glad, I'm sa small!)

And so P. F. C. Lon McCallister was welcomed into our midst. His free and friendly manner won him many new admirers, and increased enthusiasm in his old fans.

#### Enjoyed Making "Home in Indiana"

Lon told of the work and enjoyment in making "Home in Indiana." It appears they were "on location" in every state but Indiana!

"Remember that part where the black stallion charged me? Well, he really did, and if I looked scared, believe me, it's because I was scared. It wasn't acting at all! They got the horse to

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### The Heroine Gets Spanked

The presentation of a play by students always provokes the interest of the school, but "The Courting of Marie Jenvrin," a one-acter by Gwen Pharis, was given special attention as it was the first play of the year.

Under the direction of Bethoe Thompson, with capable assistance from Miss Hegler, the cast gave a splendid performance.

Mary Louise Kester who stepped into the title role of the French vixen two weeks before production, showed herself to be a talented actress. Chris Varis who gave such a chuckly performance as "Father Leveau," also substituted at the last minute.

Performed before the assembled Dramaclub "and friends," at the November first meeting, the play went off smoothly, save for a few minor details. One such detail was a pail brimming full of "stage water" (air to you!) falling ker-plunk into the laps of the audience at a tense moment in the play.

More than any other character, Louis (played by Tom Summers) endeared himself to the audience. Who could resist those big brown eyes and that plaintive voice? More than one person was heard to remark, "I wish poor

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### School Honors "Uncle George"



Dr. G. D. Misener

"Uncle George's Day" has more or less become a tradition around Vic, and this year it again brought forth a crop of apples and bawties. All day, apples—and more apples—and gum and candy poured in upon "Doc" G. Misener, who, looking spiffy in his best bowtie, accepted them and the students' good wishes with beaming smiles.

Let's hope that "Uncle George," our favorite Latin teacher, will be here to accept offerings from his pupils for many more years to come.



### CLICK CLUB PLANS PHOTO CONTEST

Vic Bohonos, president of the Vic Click Club, recently announced an in-the-school photography contest which will be open to all students, though non-members of the Clickers will have to pay an entrance fee of ten cents per entry. Valuable prizes will be awarded the winners of each of the following divisions: Landscapes, Still Life, Action Shots, Candids, and Portraits. So dust off that brownie, all you shutterbugs—your picture may win a prize!

As for the club's other activities—included in the agenda for the term are the following topics: cameras, and how they work; shooting for the best picture; color and composition; developing; printing, and enlarging.

Dr. Misener, himself quite a photography fan, has already proved a valuable supervisor. Meetings are held in his room (Room 4) every Wednesday at four, and everyone is welcome.

### HALLOWE'EN LIT

"Going to the lit after four?" "I'll see you at the lit," were familiar expressions heard Wednesday, October 31, in the halls and locker rooms of good "ol' Vic."

Yes, a lit! A Hallowe'en Lit, complete with apples for dunking, Geoff White and his boys to supply the music and a gang of jive-thirsty and apple-hungry students.

The kids were soon in the groove with pieces like 'The Atcheson, Topeka and the Santa Fe' to start them off. Those who had come down looking for apples soon found them in tubs of water at one end of the gym. Many a student, when

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### RECORD-BREAKING CROWD ATTENDS

Touchdown! Points were chalked up for Vic on Friday, November 23, with the presentation of "Rugby Ball," our first-of-the-season night dance. Not only was the dance a tremendous success financially (thanks to Social Convenor Olga Laruska, her dependable committee, ticket-man Ervin Armstrong, and a group of energetic council reps.), but it was obvious that everyone had an evening-full of fun.

Frank McCleavy's six-piece orchestra began tuning up at 8:45, and by 9:00 dancers were arriving in flocks. Hastily depositing their coats, they descended to the gym, which (by the use of benches, appropriate signs, rugby balls, and parts of uniforms) had been converted into a "grid" for the occasion.

Throughout the evening Bob Willson employed his unusual vocal qualities as our capable M.C. Thanks, Bob!

Although only three brave couples ventured onto the floor for the jitterbug contest, all were past-masters at the Art. Alf Jackson and Irene Glenn were finally acclaimed winners! More prizes went to the elimination dance and spot dance winners.

At "half-time" there was the usual rush for refreshments which were sold from Room 17. While stags and couples downed their chocolate milk and danuts (what else!), Miriam Dobson gave her "Teen-Time" rendition of "It Might As Well Be Spring," accompanied by Betty Dowdell. Bob Flynn followed with a plenty-solid piano boogie solo.

Once again the orchestra took over for another seven dances.

Miss Teskey, Miss Soper, Mr. and Mrs. Stewart, and Dr. Willis were noticed 'round and about during the evening. A special vote of thanks to them for supporting our first big function.

# The Vic Argosy



The VIC ARGOSY, a member of the Quill and Scroll Society, published by the students of Victoria High School, Edmonton, Alberta, Canada.

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## EDITORIAL

WHAT DOES CHRISTMAS MEAN TO YOU? Many thoughts probably pop into your mind: decorating the tree, and hanging holly and mistletoe in the hall; being mangled as you frantically shop for "last-minute" gifts; sneaking the odd peek at those intriguingly-wrapped parcels with your name on the label; whispered conferences with brother Jim—"Gosh, what CAN I get for Dad?" and of course the annual family turkey dinner, with the dining-room table fairly sagging with edibles.

But do you ever stop a minute in this whirlwind holiday season to think of the real purpose of Christmas? December 25 has been set aside as a day to commemorate the birth of Christ, but too often we forget this true significance in the light of material pleasures.

When you attend the Christmas Eve or Christmas Sunday services in your church this year, try to forget for a while that you're simply bursting with excitement about the presents you'll be unwrapping soon; keep in mind that the real Christmas spirit is one of kindness, gratitude and love.

May this 1945 peace-time Christmas be a very, very happy one for you all!

How many of you realize that Vic has given birth to many prominent and some world-famous personalities in the realms of art, science, agriculture and sport. Remember Herman Trelle, the world's Wheat King? Trelle was a graduate of Victoria. So also were Sydney Sillito (who discovered a means of carrying telephone conversations over high-tension wires without electrocuting the speakers) and Albert Prebus (inventor of the electron microscope which photographs minute typhoid and T.B. germs). There are many like these whose brilliance in their particular fields has brought them great distinction.

Canada's literary talent is just beginning to be revealed, and the opportunities are tremendous for any young person who aspires to become an

author, be it of essays, poems, or novels. All writers must gain experience on a small scale before they attempt to outshine established ones; so as a means of aiding these potential Shakespeares and Miltons, we of the Argosy staff have cut news to a minimum in this issue to make room for more creative articles.

Who knows?—the writer of the Great Canadian Novel may be sitting beside you right now, scribbling copy for the January issue of the Argosy!

## Lydia Nakamura Heads "Home Ec"

Under the excellent guidance of Miss Lent, the Home Ec Club is fast becoming a very popular organization with the feminine population of Vic. Designed to aid any enterprising girl who wishes to learn more about styles, careful grooming, and sewing, the club holds meetings weekly in Room 16.

The club has been entertained by several special speakers recently, two of the most interesting being Miss Hill, beautician from the Bay, who demonstrated the proper method of applying a facial (Maureen Stocks was the "victim"), and Miss Bruce, who enlightened the club on the latest hair styles.

The display of needlework and home-made clothes will be the main attraction at the Christmas tea planned by the club for the near future. (Watch the bulletin board for the date.)

The club's capable executive is: Lydia Nakamura, president; Ruth Gilley, secretary-treasurer; Doris Smith, vice-president; Lenore Wachnow, social convener; Rose Nakamura, Victoria White and Jean Smith, publicity.

## Drama Club Formed Anew

In past years one of the most active clubs of the school has been the Drama club. From all reports, the new Vic Drama club will carry on the tradition. With a new constitution, and 80 members, the club is well under way with three meetings to its credit already. At the first "official" meeting, officers for the year were elected. Results: President, Dave Cleveley; vice-president, Bethoe Thompson; secretary, Olga Laruska, treasurer, Jack McLaren; social convener, Betty Christian.

In anticipation of the coming Year Play, meetings of the various committees have been held with the following conveners: Art Section, Alton Bowers; costumes, Frances Mackett; make-up, Louil-Jane Wright; properties, Tim Hollick-Kenyon; publicity, Myriam Dobson; backstage crew, Bill Hicks.

The club advisor is Miss Helene Hegler, with Honorary Members Miss Eva O. Howard, Mr. Clarence Richards, and Mr. C. O. Hicks.



The Listener's Choice

CJCA

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## CLUB AIRS WORLD PROBLEMS

After a refreshing summer recess the Current Events Club has again resumed its activities, and many lively discussions take place every Friday in Room 15 at 12:30 p.m.

The president this year is Tom Webb and he is ably assisted by Vice-President Ruth Miller, and Secretary Dianna Rudin. Miss Crawford, ever patient and wise, is again advisor of the club.

There is a considerable increase in membership this year, and a great amount of interest is in evidence at all meetings.

To begin with there is a "Poll Question" every week, and the members vote "Yes" or "No." The decisions are forwarded to the Dept. of Extension, University of Alberta. For example, one timely poll question was:

"Do you approve or disapprove of paying for Social Security measures like family allowances and health insurance by means of a general taxation?" The great majority voted "Yes."

Following the poll question, a timely topic is discussed. First, there is a summarized presentation by a member, after which the students open fire, and remarks are quick and snappy.

On November 9 the discussion revolved around the question, "Does World Security Depend on Jobs?"

A very interesting discussion followed after Thelma Berg and Chris Varvis had presented a summary of ideas.

Many interesting topics are up for discussion, and many will be of particular value to Social Studies 3 students.

If you Vicitres are interested in Current Events and Modern Economic problems, come to the next meeting, and enroll as members. Watch the bulletin board for Time, Place and Topic.

## STABER'S for Beauty

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## ROBB'S

118th Avenue 95th Street

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SMART WEAR  
FOR SMART MEN

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## Stamps Sales Slip

Victoria High School has again won the doubtful distinction of having bought fewer war stamps than any other school in the city. To remedy this, a war stamp committee composed of Tim Hollick-Kenyon, Mary Miller, Jean Buchan, Tony Mason, Marie Schwartz and Ross Brander, has mapped out a campaign.

They plan to sell stamps through the room reps every Wednesday in the rooms. The reps will take the money in the morning and distribute its stamps at noon. A pennant will be awarded by the Students' Council to the room buying the most stamps per pupil. The committee is also planning war stamp lits. The dances will be held after four in the gym and admission will be one war stamp per person.

Vic, having more pupils than any other school in the city, should, and will, we hope, buy more war stamps than any other school. The response so far has been very poor; so let's get behind the committee and really do a bang-up job on war stamps.

## POPPY DAY

How Best Shall We Remember?

The eleventh day of the eleventh month was Remembrance Day. In Remembrance of our dead, the veterans of this war and the last, a committee was chosen by the school Union to sell the well-known red poppies.

On the official school poppy day, Nov. 1, poppies were sold in the main hall all day to enable everyone to make his purchase.

The school received 750 poppies for its 760 pupils and returned nearly half of them.

With an increased population at "Vic" this year, sales were reported to be the poorest over a period of years. Is that how well we remember?

## THE MUSIC CLUB

Hey, you with the baritone voice—we need you! And you, fella—your tenor voice would blend just right with the rest of ours, if you joined the Music Club. You don't have to be an accomplished Traubei or Caruso, or even a Sinatra (honk!) to belong. This club has been organized mainly for our own enjoyment, although we do intend to sing a few selections at the Christmas lit. The crying need right now is for more of those beautiful masculine voices, but ladies are more than welcome to join, too. For particulars about the time and place of meetings, please see our staff supervisor, Miss Soper; the president, Beth Minogue; Jacqueline Larkee, or Steve Paproski.

We'll be watching for you!

## BEAVER LUNCH

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## SNOOPER SCOOPS

Hi crowd! And a merry Christmas to you! Here we go again for an encore column of excerpts from Vic-cupid's diary. Yessirreel! Santa may bring you a man, gals, but it's Snooper who brings you the dope. (OOOO!)

Ever on the alert, we glimpsed the following twosomes taking advantage of Sadie Hawkins' Day celebrations: Virginia Clucas and Roy Miller; Joyce Hedley and Don Ball; Jim Clark and Joan Armstrong.

Has your favorite movie star phoned you lately? We hear Lon McCallister is in the habit of calling up that lu-u-ck-y Gloria Marchyshyn. What's your secret, Glo?

"Together," is the current theme song for Rean Elston 'n Murray Smith; Irma Sloane 'n Jim Hole; and John Harvie and Marion Brown. Some may even join in for a chorus of "Always."

The Joyce Wilson-Ray Nobles situation has definitely gone pffft. Hey, boys, here's your opportunity!

June Clooney is well on her way with those post-war plans. Steve Dymitrew is only too willing to be rehabilitated.

Ray Archer, that "Beautiful Hunk O' Man," is definitely back in circulation this year. Lois Webster's a "current."

Thelma Berg, that lovely femme from the A.H. continues to remain true to her favorite service man. Sorry!

What's up between Marg Kinney and Jim McLean, hmmmmmm???

Audrey Wells isn't going swimming Monday nights just for the exercise. (Who does?) Could be Dave Cleveley has a little to do with her regular attendance.

### We Wonder:

How Audrey Meneer and Norm Fraser can always find the loneliest corner in school to discuss "politics"?

If Ken Gilfillan and the boys still reminisce 'bout their visit to Calgary? You can give them back their hotel, anytime, boys. If Doug Nickerson enjoys those moonlit walks home every Sunday night? Too bad Jean Buchan lives wa-a-y over in the heights, n'est-ce pas?

Shirley McLean, the gal with the wardrobe, enjoyed her tour of the States last summer. Specially a trip that netted her dates with THE naval pilot.

What do the "B.A.s" all over Pat Gunn's books stand for? Could be Bachelor or Arts, could be Bill Aubrey.

Jean Davidson has her own private swoon boy and we don't mean Frankie. Rather "Fergy," who's dark and ooo so handsome!

We must be slipping!! Here Thelma Pierce and Bill Michaud have been twining it steadily since back September

way, and we just discovered it recently.

Why does Lois Archer deny those "Bert Ward" rumors?

Problem one: If two boys, Richard Christie and Lee Frankham, are situated at equal distances and a sixty degree angle from Helen Kostiuik, what well known figure is formed?

Answer: One triangle plus complications.

Problem two: Calculate the depth of indifference Minnie Shugarman had to overcome before Doug Howey finally succumbed to those female charms.

That's a hard one!

Have you noticed how carefully Phyllis Clark guards her wallet? But so would we if we owned such a picture of Jimmy Darwish.

Montreal is sooo far away from Edmonton, isn't it, Louil?

Flash! Latest unconfirmed reports state Lois Wetherspoon thinks Bob Clegg is simply **grand!**

Pat Lee, that tres populaire Vic-ette continues collecting hearts galore. And not for Valentines, either.

During our nightly excursions we've discovered Dave Little still dating Pauline Harris from Commercial.

Suppose you've noticed that Camille Hodgins has suddenly included boys on her list of "activities."

We've been told that Ian Allen has edged Don Rae out of the "situation" involving a certain little blonde now at Eastwood.

Marjorie Petrovich is certainly looking forward to that BIG date with her favorite sailor round about Christmas time. See what Santa does for good little girls!

Speaking of Christmas, remember! Only eight more shopping days left till the day.—Golly! That's right!! Say, we'll have to rush to join those Yuletide throngs. Before we fly, we want to wish all you chillun a **great big "MERRY CHRISTMAS!"**

(P.S. See you next year.)

## Beanie or Jeep?

"Hey, have you ordered your beanie or jeep hat yet? I hear they're going like hot cakes; so you had better hurry up!"

The general topic of conversation was centred around the school's latest aid to the well-dressed Vicite. This year Vic is going to have its colors flying high on the crowns of its students.

Orders were taken by the Union room reps for the fifty-cent beanies and dollar and a quarter jeep hats.

If you didn't order one you are certainly going to be left in the background.

## New Teachers Enthusiastic

"And just what do you think of our Vicites?" I asked.

"To tell you the truth, they're a more self-assured group than were the students when I was attending Vic."

In an informal interview with Miss Isa Soper, one of the newest additions to Vic's teaching staff, we found out a lot more than just her opinions on how well Vic chillun behaved in her classes of S. Studies I, English II, and Music. This tall, attractive young teacher claims that students nowadays take a more active interest in the many school activities than in former years. "Probably," she added, "that's because there are more activities in which to take an active part."

"I don't just know why," said she, "but it seems that when we were attending school, we worked away at homework every night after four, and at noon hours, too, and even then we found the finals hard." (Note: which were written EVERY year!)

She feels it's wonderful the way students can indulge in a variety of extra-curricular activities, and still turn in presentable results opposite the 3 r's at report card time.

Miss Soper taught High School grades in Turner Valley before she received a position at Oliver Intermediate in Edmonton.

She was thrilled at her appointment to the Vic staff, and states she can hardly wait for the Composite High School to be built. Some here! P.S.: Miss Soper has replaced Miss Robinson, who has retired.

When I queried Mr. Levy on the subject of what he thought of our students, he answered, "They're a fine bunch."

"Naturally," said I, "but what do you really think of them?"

At this point a tell-tale gleam came into his eye, but disappeared almost immediately. "Oh, well," he said, and I began hoping for that "inside stuff."

"So far I have little to complain about. I find the students friendly and very willing to work in a supervised study."

"What about the school?" we urged.

"What do you think of 'good ole Vic'?"

"I like it very much. A wonderful school spirit is all prevailing. Not often does one meet a tone and atmosphere such as is evident in Vic." (So there, too!)

"That view's unanimous," said I. "Now what about the teachers. How do you like the Vic staff?"

"Well—I agree with some old fellow—I forgot his name—that the teacher makes the school. So in the light of what I've said about Vic, well, the school speaks for the teachers!"

Not pausing to figure this out, I delved into the fourth question, "History."

Mr. Levy had been pounding compulsory subjects into McDougall subjects (sorry!) before he sighted the greener fields of Victoria. As soon as the School Board set up a yell for a study super-

## EXCHANGES

If you haven't yet visited the Argosy office and looked over the exchanges, you've really missed some interesting reading. Our "Exchange" mailing list is getting longer and longer, and with each new addition to our steadily growing pile of high school papers comes fun, news and—well, just come in and see for yourself. If you need any coaxing try these for examples:

Although the war has drawn to a close, boys 18 and over, down south of the border, still have to keep up to standard in school work or else they find a khaki suite and G.I. boots awaiting them, according to the South High Scribe of Salt Lake City.—And a word for the gals. If you haven't seen some of the masculine faces that grace the pages of the Scribe, you just haven't lived!

The first issue of this year's Commercial Chronicle has arrived, too, and it seems that Edmonton's future business citizens are going in for social life in a big way this term. A Sadie Hawkins' theatre party and dance was successfully held and also what seems to have been a really fine program "Lit." The picture of Commercial's teaching staff, which appears on the back cover of the "Chronicle," are also greatly enhanced by the presence of a face now familiar in the halls of good ol' Vic. None other than Mr. Levy.

And what d'ya know! the inhabitants of old "Kaintuck" aren't all from "them thar hills" after all. At least judging from the doings of the kids of Newport, Kentucky. The "stoodents" there are really right in the groove, and not even one Li'l Abner or Daisy Mae peered from the pages of the Newporter. Didn't even seem to be bothered by the "revenooers." Darn, I've been disillusioned.

Another welcome note has been the arrival of the "Gateway" from U. of A. And if any of you have missed "The Bridge," the story of the opening of the High Level, you've really missed one of the funniest episodes of Edmonton's history, that I've ever read, anyway. Sounds like "Doc Misener's rendition of the Hudson's Bay Land Opening."

The "Gateway's" Campus Poll, is an item of interest to all students. Their questions are really ones to merit attention. And the tabulated results of the poll might surprise even you.

That's all for this time, kids! See you in the next edition, and in the meantime, have a Merry Christmas, heh.

visor, Mr. Levy obliged.

"Aren't you glad?" I asked.

"Oh, yes!" he replied politely.

He enjoys supervising large classes—that is, as long as pupils co-operate with study room rules. With Social Studies, his favorite subject, and typing both on his timetable, he declares he couldn't want a better program.

### MALTA LUNCH

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High School Sports by Don Warner. This program  
is for the students and depends on the students.

## The Unpredictable

"Mokey! Get out of the living-room, and take that newspaper with you." Young Raymond Kirby pointed to the door for the benefit of his still younger brother, Morton. He glanced at the oversized Bulova on his wrist. It was ten to seven, or rather eight and a half minutes to. Tonight was to be the second practice of his numerically small but musically loud orchestra, the 'Jive Five', and he didn't want anything to go wrong with it because of Mokey again. Mokey took another bite of his apple and answered, "Wait'll I finish L'Abner."

"Huh?"

Mokey opened his mouth as if to answer but changed his mind and gulped down the sizeable fraction of the apple that was in his mouth. "Wait-until-I-finish-L'l' Abner"; he enunciated each word with deliberate clearness.

Ray put his left hand on Mokey's collar, his right on the seat of his trousers in an endeavor to remove him bodily, but Mokey steadfastly resisted, managing to keep his position on the davenport. Ray desisted. Mokey munched his apple. A storm was brewing in the Kirby living-room as tempers mounted on both sides. The first section of the newspaper was lying on the table. Ray grabbed it, rolled it up, and whopped Mokey over the head with it. But Morton Kirby was no slouch either when it came to a tussle and he retaliated tenfold with a stinging kick to Ray's shin. Ray clasped his hands behind Mokey's neck, and Mokey clasped his hands behind Ray's neck. They rolled onto the floor and began those acrobatics common only to contortionists, wrestlers, and teen-age boys.

Mrs. Kirby, hearing the skirmish all the way from the kitchen, walked firmly to the living-room where she knew the battle was being waged. Mokey and Ray heard her footsteps simultaneously, and automatically assumed peaceful positions and expressions, pretending to read. Mrs. Kirby entered. There existed, for a moment, a strange innocent silence. Then Mokey looked up at her, feigning mild surprise.

"Oh—hello, mother."

No answer.

"We were just reading the paper," Ray offered.

"Were you two fighting again?"

"Who? Us."

"Well, I'm going to visit the Fentons, and if I find out that you two have been scrapping, it'll be too bad."

Mrs. Kirby always said that it would be too bad, but it was a mystery to

everyone just what would be too bad, although Mokey and Ray had a vague idea.

She walked out of the living-room and into the hall. Mokey and Ray remained in their respective positions on the davenport, still pretending to read. There was a minor scuffle in the hall, and the Kirby boys knew that their mother was putting on her coat and hat, readying herself for a visit to the Fentons. She walked toward the front door, paused, and looked into the living-room at the two ruffians. That made them feel all the more guilty, but they retained their air of innocence. Then she opened the front door, passed through and closed it gently after her. The boys heard her going down the four steps of the front porch, and later the click of her shoes on the cement sidewalk. When her footsteps had dimmed, Ray was the first to speak.

"Look here, Mokey! The orchestra will be here in a few minutes, and we don't want you hanging around and making corny remarks. Get out now so I won't have to throw you out in front of everybody."

"Nuts!"

'Get out!'

"Nuts!"

Ray rose and moved towards Mokey menacingly. Discretion is the better part of valor and well Mokey knew it. "Okay, I'm going. But if Charlie doesn't bring his trumpet, he's not going to use mine again."

"Here," Ray took Mokey's trumpet from the sideboard, blew some dust off the case, and handed it none too politely to his younger brother. "If you'd practise the thing just once in a while, we'd let you play—maybe. But you haven't touched it once in the last three weeks."

Mokey took the odd-shaped black case that contained his horn, and uttering his favorite retort, "Nuts!", left the room.

He reached the hall just as there came a brisk knock on the front door. He opened it and glared murderously at the newcomer. "Whadd'ya want?"

"Is Ray in?" came a polite but undaunted voice.

By this time Ray was at the door. "Come on in, Lyle?" Mokey mounted the stairs to the room he shared with Ray. The newcomer was Lyle McLean, tall, blonde drummer of the proud little orchestra.

"Sure, give me a hand with these, will you," Ray stepped out the door and re-entered carrying a big bass drum. Lyle held the door open until Ray was well inside, and then followed with his trap, cymbals, tom-tom, and other minor appliances of his drum set.

"Put it right over there, Lyle, and you can sit on that chair," Ray designated a particular spot in the living-room.

"Is anybody else here yet?" Lyle asked for the sake of conversation, as it was perfectly obvious that he had been the first to arrive.

"No. You're the first. The rest should be coming any minute now."

Lyle changed the subject. "Will I have to play from the orchestrations again?"

"No—not on every song. It slows us up on the jump numbers; so I decided that we could fake the jump tunes, but we'll have to read when we play the pops."

"That's alright, but I—," a knocking on the front door interrupted him. Ray answered the door for the second time. Charlie Baxter and Mel Shipley entered as he pulled the door back. Mel greeted Ray and Lyle with the usual salutation, "Hi fellas." Charlie merely nodded his head in salutation, but said nothing.

Mokey had always resented Charlie Baxter because Charlie played the trumpet much better than poor Mokey, thus eliminating him from his brother's orchestra. Mel was the modest, easy mannered pianist whom everyone liked, even Mokey.

"It's a good thing you brought your horn this time," Ray addressed Charlie. "My brother's on the war-path tonight and you'd have a hard time getting him to lend you his."

"Why? What happened?"

"I don't know. Guess he's just trying to be ornery. I think he gets a kick out of being ornery. Well let's get started."

"Russ isn't here yet," argued Lyle. "We can't play without a trombone."

"Well, why isn't he here yet?" Ray didn't wait for an answer. "Phone him up."

"What's his number?"

"I don't know. Look it up in the directory."

Charlie went into the hall. Just as he located Russ' phone number everyone decided to tune his instrument. Mel beat out a few eight-to-the-bar chords; Ray sounded his B flat; and Lyle hit a few accentuated rim-shots. And each was more than slightly perturbed because he could hear only the other two instrumentalists.

Charlie shouted from the hall, "Shut up." Everyone obediently ceased and waited impatiently as Charlie phoned.

"Hello, Mrs. Streeter?—Russ in?—Hello Russ?—How come you're not at practice—Forgot?—I only reminded you this morning—Okay, but shake it up.—Okay—Goodbye."

Charlie replaced the receiver on the hook and returned to the living-room.

"What did he say?" inquired Ray.

"He said he forgot about it, but he's coming right over."

"It's about a ten-minute walk from his place to here, so we might as well get

started now. We'll start with St. Louis Blues."

Even as Ray spoke there was a rustle of paper as the boys fumbled through their orchestrations in an attempt to find the music that Ray had chosen for their theme.

Everyone was set, instruments poised. Ray counted aloud—one-two-three. On the fourth beat Mel began with a piano introduction, and Lyle followed with a definite beat on the traps with the brushes. At the end of the sixteenth bar, the clarinet and trumpet joined in with the melody. When they came to the part about "St. Louis wimmin" Ray took his lips from the clarinet and Charlie progressed solo until the first ending. Then a few grace notes with orchestra complete; then Ray took a solo with rhythm background until the point in the orchestration marked "trombone solo." He stopped. Lyle and Mel kept playing the rhythm. But Russ was not there, and as a consequence the melody was lost completely. However, the boys saw the song through to the end. When it was over each looked hopelessly at the other three. Ray spoke dejectedly, "Guess we'll just have to wait until Russ comes. It's no use even trying another song until he gets here." No one answered but all agreed, reluctantly facing the fact that there was no slip horn in their midst.

"Nice weather we're having," Ray began bitingly in a half-hearted attempt to start conversation.

"Uh-huh," Lyle nodded in thoughtless agreement. Then he added, restlessly tapping his tom-tom, "Nuts!"

Ray changed the dismal subject. "Did anyone see the baseball game this afternoon?"

"I saw it."

"Whadd'ya think of it, Mel?"

"Okay—I guess.—Isn't there some song we can play now?"

"Maybe we can take Darktown. There's a solo for trombone in it, but if you could carry the melody instead—"

"Good enough!" Mel broke in before he could finish the sentence. Then he turned on the swivel bench of the piano and played a few bars from Darktown so that everyone would get an idea of the tempo. He stopped when Ray tapped him on the shoulder.

Then Ray counted. On the fourth count the entire band began. A short rest occurred after the second bar, and during that initial rest could be heard from upstairs a blaring trumpet. The song was cut short and Ray listened, murder in his heart and eyes. C-D-E-F-G-A-B-C. Rest. C-B-A-G-F-E-D-C. Up the scale. Rest. Down the scale. Rest.

"Mokey! Shut up!" Ray yelled, his voice as murderous as his mood.

C-B-A-G-F-E-D-C.

"Shut up!"

C-D-E-F-G-A-B-C.

That was all he could take. Ray dashed up the stairs, two at a time and stormed into the bedroom which he shared, often regretfully, with his trumpeting brother. There was Mokey, sit-

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ting contentedly on the edge of one of the twin beds, blowing happily up and down the scale. When Ray made his sudden entrance, Mopey stopped the monotonous blasting and looked up defiantly but said nothing.

"Why are you so spiteful?" Ray asked between clenched teeth.

"Who's spiteful?"

"You are!"

"Why?"

"Because we are trying to practise, and just because of a little argument with me you have to break it up."

"I'm practising myself. You always tell me to practise."

"But why do you have to practise now?"

"Because I feel like it now."

Ray turned on his heel and left the room. What could he do? Maybe hit the obnoxious cuss a few times—but for what? After all, he had told Mopey to practise. He came down the stairs and turned into the living-room. The boys knew without asking that the situation was hopeless as they heard Mopey's trumpet run flawlessly up and down the scale.

"What'll we do?" Lyle asked despondently.

"Why not let him sit in with us?"

This suggestion of Charlie's seemed to have the approval of everyone but Ray.

"Why not?" Charlie argued, "that sounds pretty good. He nodded vaguely towards the upstairs room from where the sounds were coming.

But Ray was very convincing when he explained, "I know, but that's all he can play."

Charlie gave in reluctantly. "Then that's out. But what are we going to do?"

The room seemed strangely quiet as each of the boys tried to formulate a plot

to prevent Mopey's untimely interruptions.

Ray suddenly brightened up. "I'll give him a quarter and send him over to 'Doley's'. He'll probably see Norm over there, and we can count on his being over there for at least an hour."

"What if he stays over there just long enough to finish his soda and then brings Norm over here," Lyle objected.

"So what?" Ray glowed even brighter than when he first made the suggestion of sending Mopey over to 'Doley's'. "If he does bring Norm over here, he'll probably forget about his trumpet, and we could practise without him running up and down the scale during every rest."

No one offered any argument; so Ray took it for granted that his suggestion was accepted. He walked over to the living-room door that was just below the hall stairs and called, "Mopey."

C-D-E-F-G-A-B-C.

"Mopey!"

"Whaddaya want?"

"Come down here a minute!" Ray's innocent tone sounded artificial even to his own ears.

"Whaddaya want?"

"I've got a surprise for you!"

"Then come up here and give it to me." Mopey was nobody's fool. But he was relenting enough to be failing for it; so Ray argued no further. He ascended the stairs hastily, turned when he reached the top and went into the bedroom. Mopey was sitting on the edge of the bed, still holding his gleaming trumpet.

"Where's my surprise?" he demanded.

Ray tossed a twenty-five cent piece onto Mopey's bed. Then he came straight to the point. "I'll give you this two-bits if you go to 'Doley's'."

"Why do you want me to go over to 'Doley's'?" Mopey enquired unnecessarily, eyeing his older brother suspiciously.

Ray's reply was frank, if not blunt. "Because we want to practise."

"Well, go ahead. I'm not stopping you."

"You'll start blasting that horn of yours again."

Mopey answered an indefinite, "Maybe." The quarter was still lying untouched on Mopey's bed.

"Please go to Doley's—please, Mopey." Mopey enjoyed having Ray at his mercy. He looked at his older brother indifferently. Then, without a word, he reached into his hip pocket and extracted a shiny new half-dollar and calmly flipped it into the air, looking at Ray from the corner of his eye. He clutched the coin as gravity returned it to the palm of his hand. Then he

reached out and picked up Ray's unwanted gift and tossed it to him. Ray was taken aback and he caught the coin rather clumsily. His face was expressionless as he left the room. Mopey knew that in spite of his exterior Ray was boiling inside.

By the time Ray reached the bottom of the stairs he had begun to smile. As he entered the living-room Lyle asked expectantly, "Well, is he going?"

"No," Ray replied mysteriously, the complacent smile still on his face.

"Then he'll start playing that scale as soon as we start practising."

"No."

"Then how are we going to get rid of him?"

"We don't have to. I know Mopey like a book. Now that he's already spited us he's happy. And since I made such a magnanimous gesture—"

"A what?"

Ray continued loftily, "A magnanimous gesture. I offered him two bits. And now that I've done that he'll sympathize with us and he won't interrupt."

Charlie was doubtful. "How do you know?"

Just then came seven rapid, rhythmic knocks on the front door. That was Russ' special trademark. Ray went to answer it, speaking over his shoulder to the boys in the livingroom. "How do I know? He's my brother, isn't he? I can tell you every little move he makes a month before he makes it."

He opened the door, unsurprised as Russ shoved his trombone into the house, and followed immediately behind. Ray showed him into the living-room. There was the usual barrage of greetings, and Russ made himself comfortable on the sofa. He laid the long black case on the floor by his feet and withdrew a gleaming, golden trombone. Then he blew a few notes from 'Getting Sentimental.'

"Ready now?" Ray asked, eager to begin the long delayed practice.

No one spoke; so Ray accepted the silence as affirmative. "Dinah."

Everyone flipped through his orchestrations to find the designated number. Ray thought to himself, "I know Mopey even better than Mopey does. He's a sympathetic cuss—and to show just what a good Joe he is, he won't blow that monotonous scale of his." A little wave of satisfaction swept over him as he reflected upon his own smart analysis of Mopey's character and actions. He felt happy. The practice would be good now. Then aloud, "One—two—three—." The orchestra swung into 'Dinah.' Mel and Lyle played the usual drum-piano introduction. Then the entire three-piece section came in

## What Is Poetry?

You ask what is poetry.

Far greater men than I may hope to be  
Have answered you with words most  
eloquent and high.

They have said it is "this" or "that";  
They have set it down in words that  
eternity might read and know  
What minds as theirs, declared the poets'  
thought to be.

Yes, even they who wrote the words  
to thrill our very souls  
Have tried to say, "It is a length of line  
or lines."

"A grouping of choice words with  
metre, rhyme"—

I do not seek to say that they are wrong,  
That their expressive views on it are  
false,

But this I know: I have seen poetry in  
the setting sun,

Have heard it in the whistle of a bird,  
Have felt it in the presence of that great  
Unknown power, filling my heart with  
awe—

Yet not a word, nor line nor verse was  
said.

## Christmas Eve

'Twas the night before Christmas,  
And all down the block  
You could hear my dad's snoring;  
It was three by the clock.

Oh, I tossed and I turned, but  
I just couldn't sleep;  
Then I threw off the covers;  
I tried counting sheep.

For my back it was aching,  
My feet they ached, too.  
I'd been Christmas shopping  
For a present for you.

I had hoped to get chocolates,  
And hoped for a little.  
They had said in a month  
I could have peanut brittle.

I had gone down to Eaton's  
Then up to the Bay.  
I was told to come back  
About April or May.

And to think I had thought you  
Were pretty and sweet.  
I hadn't known love  
Was so hard on the feet.

on the chorus. At that moment from  
upstairs came C-D-E-F-G-A-B-C. Rest.  
C-B-A-G-F-E-D-C.

## Christmas 1945

Oh, we have seen a Christmas  
When many hearts were dim,  
When souls forgot the comfort  
To be found in thoughts of Him.

For guns had stilled the music,  
Of love and good and cheer,  
As hearts grown heavy laden  
Turned to face the coming year.

But through the void of darkness  
We saw a flickering light  
Which grew brighter, and then clearer,  
'Till it gave the world this night

Of peace and hope and courage  
To eliminate the fears,  
That the months of war and sadness  
Had cast o'er coming years.

Oh, listen, hear the music,  
Which strong young voices sing,  
'Peace on earth' and 'gladness,'  
'Hosannahs to the King.'

Lift up your heads, all people,  
Hear the promise they impart,  
And let each word engrave a line  
Of hope within your heart.

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**"DEAR LOUIE"****Part II**

Dear Louie:

Oh, Louie, Christmas is practically here and all I've saved is a few box-tops and two Santa Claus stickers from last year. If you're over at our farm next week-end would you mind mentioning (casualishly) that you don't think it's very fair for parents to allow a poor young thing to chew her heart out in a big cold (below freezing) city worrying over a few measly Christmas presents that she is absolutely OBLIGATED to give, and a million others she's simply dying, DYING to give. Honestly, \$15.00, or even a nickel, would save my life and my pride, too. It will break Mr. Shortliffe's heart if he doesn't get a card from me.

Yes, it's all true, Louie, about Miss Soper. Peggy says she's the tall, willowy, dreamy, idealistic, transcendent type. I've done my best to be that kind, too, but all I ever get told is I'm the toothpick type. Anyway, I adore, unequivocally ADORE (isn't that a positively FIBROUS word?). I've learned three hundred new words and zooty expressions already and I'm planning on learning what they mean next year.) . . . where was I? Oh, I ADORE music period. I sit and watch George W. in a mad fog of Burning Admiration. This is only temporary, understand, Louie, until he gives me back my snapshots of you and the pig. I've tried absolutely every way I know to make him give them back—I even went so far as to explain, slowly and deliberately, with due stress on each syllable, that there is a sentimental attachment to those pictures because, and only because, the pig had won a prize the day before. What was the prize anyway? I forget. Was it man-calling? That's what George suggested, but I have a feeling that he's only spoofing me. If there's anything I hate it's a person who spoofs. As I started to say ages ago, I've practically exhausted my supply of tricks to make certain persons give back certain pictures, and at last I've hit upon a new angle. It's "Devastating Allure." You know Lauren Bacall? Well, nobody can say I don't try. Trouble is, George never seems to be looking my way when the Fatal Charm is turned on, and when it's off for the day, as it were, he pops right up. It's mergratising! (As we say in French).

The trouble with men is, they're all stubborn and twice as dumb. ("As what?" Peggy says.) You're different, of course, Louie. There's nothing stubborn about you.

Must tell you about getting murdered

last Monday. I was, and with gusto, in Algebra 1 class. Louie, what's a "Low Scommon Denominator?" I don't seem to have had much grounding on it. Or is it the type of thing one gets grounded on?

I'm getting used to the Locker Room Rush, Louie, and have spent only one or two afternoons doubled up in my locker since last Wednesday. There is an unwritten rule in Vic that says it is unfair to gnaw in a hand-to-hand tussle, so I'm absolutely outclassed in the rush hours. Ever since I brought my pet mouse to school, the girls have had it in for me. (Well, just Mary, I put it in her overshoe.) So Mary takes great joy in mashing my head against the iron grilling of my locker, and the General Surge just naturally pushes me all the way through, till I look a little like strained hamburger. Then by the time I've recovered and remembered where I am and had a little something down at the Bob-Inn to refresh myself, the first period is gone and the second period is under way, and that's half the afternoon gone; so "What's the use?" say I to me, and toddle on home to write my fan letters to Boris Karloff. At least that's the line I've been feeding Mrs. McNally. The woman doesn't believe me, though, and that's why I've taken up three pages already with this letter—I've been spinning it over 3 or 4 detentions so as to have something to while away the time at. Not that I don't ADORE whiling away to YOU, any time, any place!

Somebody says we're going to have "Learn to Dance" sessions, and boy, am I glad. The first lit dance I went to left me feeling a little the worse for mangling, and the LAST one. WoW! No, WOW! The boys who are absolutely dreamy dancers seem to have a strange desire to dance with the girls who are absolutely dreamy dancers. The pikers. Seems to me that the boys with the muscles always pick me as their sparring partner. Believe me, Louie, one chorus of, "I'll Buy That Dream," with Mac (a rugby player with cast-iron boots) is enough to give a gal perpetual insomnia. After the first round, he asked, "Wanna beat it out some more?" but by that time I'd decided to remain true to you, Louie-boy, and told him I had a pressing engagement with an iron.

English period is more fun, Louie! All we do is write incidents from our lives, and I've invented the most wonderful life for me and you, too, Louie, if you want it. Mr. Bailey looks at me so queerly, but I absolutely couldn't think of anything interesting enough for an incident in my life in the country. But tomorrow we take up grammar and

—Oh, Louie!

Bifernowkid,  
Oodles of passionate noodles,  
Betty Ann

P.S.—I've decided to join a Fan Club for Frankie, if I can hush up that story about my having listened to an entire record of "HIS" without turning red, white, and blue. Sinatrally yours

B.A.

**HEROINE GETS SPANKED**

(Continued from Page 1)

Louis had won Marie."

Nick Spillios as "Mr. Wernecke," inventor deluxe, made the most of his every scene, and Geraldine Nelson (Mrs. Wernecke) gave him excellent support. The sight of Nick being choked by the collar (held by Gerry Nelson), and madly flailing his arms about, will long remain in the minds of the audience.

Although Frank Tyler, who played "Michael," showed himself capable of excellent voice projection in many instances, too many of his speeches were lost from lack of it. All is forgiven, though, after that artistic wielding of the newspaper in the spanking of Marie.

Jack McLaren as "Dinsmore" (the villain—boo!) gave his usual amusing touches to his scenes, and the fact that he could not, for the life of him, remember half his lines made him outdo himself in pantomime.

The able backstage crew who took such pains with the "hotel in-Whitehorse-in-the-N. W. Territories" setting was headed by Bill Hicks.

Tim Hollick-Kenyon proved himself a dependable prop manager, and Lou-Jane Wright was responsible for the rosy cheeked make-up. (It's cold up north.)

In all, congrats to the Dramaclub for an enjoyable hour of the dray-ma.

**HALLOWE'EN LIT**

(Continued from Page 1)

about to bite into an apple, obtained a free hair rinse as well.

To add a little entertainment and variety, a Quiz Program was held with Jack McLaren acting as Master of Ceremonies for his sponsor "Runa Mile's Flea Powder." The contestants on this program included Myriam Dobson, Bernice Sandstrom, Bunny Haire, Ken Schroeter, Alan Cameron, Glynn Williams and Tony Mason.

Ken Schroeter proved himself a mathematical wizard when he answered a problem—tres difficile—(those of you who were there will understand what I mean by difficile). He decided then to try for the \$10,000 question but the problem was too much. He was unable to

**STAR APPEARS HERE**

(Continued from Page 1)

come at me by standing a lovely mare directly behind me. What would you expect when the love-lorn stallion took one look at her!

Remember June Haver? Isn't she beautiful? And to think I kissed her 32 times?

But Jeanne Crain? Jeane and I have been engaged, married, and even divorced, according to the columnists. Really, though, I think she's a wonderful girl, but I don't think we'll ever be married." (At this point the male section sat up and took notice.)

**Trick Photography**

A few people struggled out of the trance and managed to ask a few questions regarding movie production.

"How do they prevent the camera from reflecting or being seen when they photograph a girl sitting in front of the mirror?"

"We'll, there are various ways of doing it. Remember the scene in 'Indiana', where June Haver was sitting in front of the mirror? They can drop a curtain over the camera with a tiny hole inserted for the lens. All you see in the mirror is a curtain in the background. Or they may have the camera outside a window and have it just out of range of the mirror."

"I was an 'extra' for six years before I got my break as 'California', in 'Stagedoor Canteen.' Remember the little guy who had never been kissed?" (slight pause for screams.) "All those people you see in background scenes are real people with hopes and dreams of their own, waiting for that lucky chance to become a star."

**Van Johnson's Friend**

"I've been asked if I know Van Johnson. Well I do, and believe me he's just as nice off the screen as on. I think Van and I get along so well because we're both crazy about chocolate cake.

Usually when people see me, the first thing they say is, 'Oh, he's so-o short!' Well—and this is the truth, I'm at least taller than Alan Ladd! That's a fact!

"Do I know Frank Sinatra, Bing Crosby, and Dick Haymes? O yes.

(Continued on Page 7)

tell the M.C. how much a nickel is worth.

Next came Tony Mason who added more humor to the program, I mean ree-ally! Tony was asked to answer the following question, "What would you advise the men (what men?) to do on Sadie Hawkins' Day?" This is where the humor came in because Tony answered it in double talk and no one could understand him. As far as instructions for November 3rd were concerned, we were none the wiser, but many a student complained of sore sides from laughing too much.

The dance was brought to a close by a waltz. It was a good lit! There was a big crowd and everyone had fun!

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## THE CHRISTMAS GIFT

After the letter came, Bunny escaped from the happy family up to her room and sank weak-kneed upon her bed. She wished devoutly that the butterflies in her stomach would stop roller-skating for a minute so she could think what to do. Three weeks ago, a telegram had come from her sailor brother, Nick, to tell them all that he would be home about March of next year, and Bunny had begun planning at once for a surprise for him—and now this! He would be home Christmas day!

It was a nice day to come home on, but Bunny had already bought and dispatched his present, and now she was stuck. The calendar told her spitefully that there were only two more days to shop. Bunny tottered over to her bureau, opened the second drawer, and hopefully felt her purse. It was shamefully thin. Despair. Holy cheese crackers, what to do?—Golly, the money for

her shorty coat! She didn't really need one, Bunny told Bunny.

She got up slowly, and reaching for the old rubber sneaker behind the radiator, counted the crumpled, treasured bills. Ten dollars there, three in her purse, and maybe she could scrounge another two from pop. Bunny tilted her pug nose at a determined angle and bravely turned the vision of the dark green shorty in Hayward's window into a red corduroy smoking jacket on her brother, Nick. Just like the one he'd always wanted. And it worked.

The tree that year seemed decorated with song, laughter, and fun, and Bunny couldn't help shooting odd glances at her brother. After five years, he was even bigger and cuter, and Bunny wiggled happily as she thought of the fun she'd have showing him off to the kids. The family pitched in and divided up the presents. There was one big package, and several little ones for Bunny.

"Open the big one last, Bun," Nick told her; so with difficulty Bunny waited, and then breathlessly held up a shorty!!

"Heard it was the fashion, and since you're in High, now—" Nick shrugged, grinning.

Bunny put the coat on over her pyjamas, her face aglow. More blessed to give, but what heaven to receive!!

## STAR APPEARS HERE

(Continued from Page 6)

They're all swell guys, although I don't know Mister Crosby so well. (He's slightly out of my generation.) Frank is really a wonderful guy." (So there, too) "He has started a campaign against race discrimination in the States now. Dick Haymes is one of the best singers I've ever met. He has a lovely wife."

### Competition for Frankie?

"Sing! Me? Oh, no! I can't sing!" Apparently the audience didn't agree, and after a little persuasion Lon consented to give out with a song he'd written himself, styled on the popular, 'All of a Sudden My Heart Sings', and dedicated to his commanding officer. The unique lyrics proved a riot, and may we add, he has a ver-ry nice voice!

Amid sorrowful "Oh's," and "Ah's", Lon announced that was all there was time for. Protests died down when Gloria Marchyshyn gave her thank-you speech to Lon and Sgt. Corry, and told them just how much the students had appreciated their coming.

### Tea and Chocolate Cake

On his way to the Home Ec room where tea was served in his honor, Lon was swamped by enthusiastic fans demanding autographs. The crowd followed him downstairs 'til the firm closing of the Home Ec door signified that was all. The staff and a few members of the Girls' Hi-Y were invited to attend the tea.

We noticed a bi-g plate of chocolate cake, Lon's favorite dish, which someone had purposely brought for the occasion.

## FEMININE SPORTS HI-LITES

### Girls' Athletic Club Organized

Vic, for the first time in its history, can now boast a Girls' Athletic Club for the purpose of organizing and aiding all girls' sport activities in the school. Officers elected at the first meeting were: Mary Millar, president; Marie Schwarz, vice-president; and Pat Gunn, secretary.

Every girl in the school interested in sports is automatically a member. To date, the club has been instrumental in the organization of the Mixed Swimming Club, the Girls' House League, and is planning a "Snow Tramp" for the near future.

### Commercial Basketball School

A basketball school, for the most promising basketball players from each city high school, has been organized at Commercial High under the direction of Mr. C. M. Hollingsworth.

The school, with a membership of over 30 girls from the eight city high schools, meets every Monday evening for a one and a half hour practice under the supervision of Mr. Hollingsworth and Mr. Page.

The Vic quintet of eager basketballers joining the school is comprised of Cora Shalen, Marie Schwarz, Camille Hodgins, Dell Wilson and Audrey Falkenberg.

### Junior Girls' Basketball

Vic Junior Girl Basketballers, capably coached by Hammy Drever and Ken Smith, finally settled down to the vigorous business of concentrated practising with the announcement of the final

## Girls' Hi-Y

Besides the usual interesting Hi-Y program, all Victoria chapters have commenced special activities for the holiday season.

The formal initiation of all new members was recently decided upon by a stunt committee, and those glamorous females you saw strutting about with the up-sweep hair-dos, earrings and "natural" complexions were the initiates. A bang-up party was held at the Y.W.C.A. where the girls were really put through their paces. It's hard to say who had the most fun, the old members who watched the goings-on and thanked their lucky stars that they had been initiated before, or the poor suffering "freshies"; but it was fun!

ary when another club will be formed.

Meetings between the Boys' and Girls' Hi-Y Groups have been held to plan for joint activities.

selection of players.

Those playing under the Junior red and black banner this year will be Norma Gilchrist, Norma Carlson, Pat Gunn, Helen Mendryk, Vera Chumer, Sandy Sandstrom, Lucie Sugiura, Donna Smith, Iris Hagerman, and Virginia Clucas.

### Senior Girls' Basketball

Vic's Senior Girls' Basketball team, coached by Peter Shipka and Hammy Drever, is again ready for action. With only four of last year's seniors, Marie Schwarz, Lydia Nakamura, Cora Shalen, and Camille Hodgins left, the two coaches were faced with the problem of building up the squad with newcomers. Practices were immediately called, with the result that from the twenty or more enthusiastic hopefuls who turned out five of last year's juniors, Gloria Sohnle, Alberta Johnson, Audrey Falkenberg, Nancy Mayson, and Mary Millar combined with a former member of Eastwood's Senior team, Audrey Wells, and an Eastwood junior, Dell Wilson, were chosen to bring Vic's senior squad up to full strength.

Vicites have always been noted for their fine sportsmanship, playing ability, and above all for their school spirit. Keep up the good work. Support all Vic sports activities.

## RUGBY REVIEW

### Bantams Champions

Vic's Bantam rugby team has done it again! They have taken the city championship for the second year in succession. In their first game this year, they defeated Westglen 6-0. They then went on to defeat Sep 3-0, Eastwood 17-0, and Scona 40-0. After going thus far without having a point scored against them, the Bantams clashed with University High, who broke the record by getting just that—one point. So the season's score rests at 111 to 1. (We try not to boast, but—!)

The team: Christy, Aubrey, Nakamura, Kuchinski, Luchkovitch, Mundy, Malkewich, Thompson, Stocks, Hauptman, Williams and Stewart. Salute!

### Juniors Co-Champions

After playing smart rugby all season, Vic's Junior gridders were well on their way towards a city championship when Old Man Winter threw a monkey-wrench into the machinery. With one game left to play—against Scona—the Juniors had not lost a game. But as Scona had a similar record, we must be content to be co-champions with the south-siders.

During the season, our Juniors defeated University High 27-5, Westglen 5-1, Separate 21-12, and Garneau 59-0. They scored a total of 112 points and were only taken for 27 points.

The team regulars were: Walsh, Green, Johns, Boyd, Wilson, Hamdon, Melnychuk, May, Timinski, Strate, Slupsky, Howie and Ross.

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## JOAN'S COFFEE BARS

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## INTRODUCING . . .



LYDIA NAKAMURA

Bang! What happened? A new bundle hit Edmonton—Lydia Nakamura.

Lydia was born right here in the BIG city way back on a certain January 11. Since then she's attended Queen's Avenue and McCauley Intermediate schools, and is now at Vic.

Lydia—the gal with a gift for the gab—plays an active part in Current Events Club activities. President of Vic's Home Ec Club and a Young People's, she states her favorite pastime is making new friends. Singing in Bissell's United Church choir, and coaching a group of C.G.I.T. girls in basketball keeps her plenty busy, but even then she finds time to indulge in her favorite sports, skating and swimming.

Declares Gershwin, bananas, and table tennis are **wonderful!** "Oh, but I like Chopin and sewing, too!

Her home-made banana cream pie is a dream of golden goo, and ooo so delicious!

Just for the fun of it she collects fifty cent pieces. "It's also a good way of saving," she adds.

When asked what her ambitions are, she merely laughed and said, "Heavens! I don't know." O well, there's lots of time.



TOM WEBB

Once upon a time (May 4th, 1927, to be exact), in this fairest of all cities, a little bundle of joy was delivered to the Misericordia Hospital. It was no one but Tom Webb.

On this very momentous occasion all the doctors and nurses danced in wild delight and gave their blessings to the little "gift from Heaven."

When Tom reached the ripe age of six, he was marched off to Norwood School, where he remained until grade



MARY MILLAR

What! You haven't met Mary Millar yet? I guess it is a little difficult to follow a human whirlwind around. After reading about her many activities you'll see what I mean.

Important data is as follows: This gal with the twinkling eyes and personality plus made her debut August 19, 1929, via the Royal Alex hospital, Edmonton.

She attended McDougall and Oliver public schools and then journeyed over to Vic in '44.

Last year she played junior basketball, senior baseball, was an Argosy sports writer, and secretary-treasurer of the Edmonton Girls' Basketball league. She also rated mention on the academic list and had a part in Vic Varieties. (Whew!)

This year Mary is kept busy (er) by being vice-pres. of C.G.I.T. for Alberta and pres. of Edmonton's branch, pres. of Vic's Athletic club, and secretary and member of the Edmonton Fastball Association.

She is on the Senior Girls' Basketball team, and writes sport news for CKUA and the Argosy.

Her hobbies are woodwork and photography.

She likes—all kinds of sports, Bing Crosby (yea!) chocolate marshmallow sundaes, and Calgary. (hmmml)

Not fussy over Van Johnson (so her says) and not domestically minded.

Her ambition is, as yet, unknown but some day she'd like to have a little of that rare thing called "spare time." And speaking of spare time, yourself, why not spend it looking up one swell gal—namely Mary Millar!

7. From here he travelled to Spruce Avenue, and then to Tech.

Finally, in grade eleven, Tom wished upon a lucky star, and sure enough, his wish came true; he entered Victoria High. (This could only happen to a good boy like Tom.) Since our hero has been at Vic his activities have included: The Puppet Club; the Current Events Club, of which he is president; and the job of school artist. It was he who painted those white stripes on the Bulletin Board.

Now we'll let you in on some of the inside dope. Tom is simply crazy about dill pickles, ice cream, semi-classical music, and—Lauren Bacall!

As for dislikes, he just can't stand too much lipstick, short skirts, "junky" jewellery (as he calls it) and Boogie-Woogie; so take notice girls.

His favorite pastimes include collecting pigeons (What kind, Tom?), designing furniture, and drafting. His main ambition is to become an architect.



DAVE CLEVELEY

In 1927, a mischievous stork left a certain blue bundle at the home of some astonished parents named Cleveley. This heaven-sent article was duly named, "Dave," and soon (all too soon) the protesting child was sent off to school.

He took H. A. Gray in his stride; then he and Vic established friendly relations by taking active interest in one another. He made the first move via Vic Drama Club, where he rose to the height of Stage Manager for the 1944 Vic Varieties, and finally became President, which honor entitles this garcon to sit in on the council meetings.

Dave has also managed to hold down competently the varied positions of: Sgt. in the Cadets last year, and, currently, assistant Advertising Manager of the Argosy, and school sports reporter for CKUA.

His athletic endeavours are many. He played on the champion House League basketball team of '44. He also dabbles in skiing, skating, dancing, rugby, hockey, swimming and photography.

His extra-curricular activities consist primarily of a certain "little Audrey," devouring chocolate cake and milk, designing and building his own model aeroplanes, and presiding over the Young People's Club of St. Faith's Church.

Fate will send him back next year for another mile on the road toward becoming an aeronautical engineer.

Here is a tall (6'2"), dark, curly haired, good-looking guy you really must get to know.

## I'd Like to Know

Here comes that snoopy jill with the burning question and answers.

After asking some of our fellow Vic-ites, "What would you like for Xmas?" I received the following answers:

Olga Laruska: To be in Winnipeg over the holidays.

Eddie Thomas: Anything — I'll be happy if I get my Argosy! (We'll see what we can do, Ed!)

Nancy Mayson: A MAN!

Robert Lee: Would like to pass Algebra. (Mr. Baker, Puleeeeeeez???)

Isabel Morris: I'd like to have my brother home from overseas. How about it, Santa Claus??

Frank Tyler: A little blonde about 5' 4" that's young 'n willing. (WOW!!!)

Halia Lazarowich: I'd like to wish everyone—a ver-ry "Merry Xmas!" So there! (Me, too.)

## SIR!

Long enough have we men of Victoria suffered in silence under the deluge of girls' fashion articles appearing in the Argosy. Comes now a cry of protest—"Are we men or mice, fellas?" (Squeak a little louder please—we can't hear you.)

Is this a Christmas tree bustling our way? Ah no, my friends . . . merely Pres. Tommy in his famous sports shirt and we do mean green back plus a red plaid front. . . . that's our boy, always in season. . . . The handsome devil next to Tom is Ken Dumont, attired in a tailored grey shirt with crossing blue pin-stripes . . . Mighty smart! . . . Can't overlook the dark red creation worn by the Champion man, nor Ed Trott's yellow and blue check.

Quick Watson, the dark glasses!—There, that's better—now we're able to distinguish Bob Kostynuk (where did you get that bee-yutiful brown checked jacket, Bob?) and Bill Wigham, whose brown jacket also has the femmes in a tizzy . . . (Looks nice with his hair, too, doesn't it, girls?) . . . Russ Aird appears extremely virile in his fawn check. . . .

Tops is the word for Norman Johnson's chocolate-brown sweater . . . Rambling Randolph has a twin to Norman's, only caramel-colored . . . (make mine vanilla) . . .

Great minds think alike, but the small ones have their moments too . . . for example, take Alan Cameron and Ben Wener . . . we mean, of course, those white-and black Jantzen sweaters . . . we go for them (the sweaters!) . . . it pays to know the right clerks in the right stores, as Walter Prowlyshyn will testify . . . that's how he manages to own his perf. Jantzens (plural!) . . . we'll take the navy-blue-and-white, thank you.

Some poor lass probably wore her fingers to the bone knitting Dave Cleveley's yellow socks . . . Right?

Jack Cameron is a true Misener fan: his maroon bow tie proves it . . . Johnny Chernochan's eyeful of tie puzzles us . . . Oh! Says it's a sketch of a practical man trying to give a speech in a room 5 algebra class . . . nuff said.

The red-and-white-and blue toque (is that what you call it?) belongs to the Jarvis man . . . though we fail to see what good it does, perched on the back of his head . . .

Bill Batter looked glamorous in his red sweater . . . seems we remember seeing Marj in an identical one—couldn't be the same sweater . . . or could it? . . .

Ian Allen tells us that the well-dressed gentlemen positively MUST wear trousers . . . Just one man's opinion, of course. . . .

## RUGBY REVIEW

(Continued from Page 7)

## Senior Co-Champions

Maybe the Seniors were lucky to have winter come early, and maybe not, but in their last game against Westglen (with whom they are co-champions) Vic was defeated 23-5 by a much improved rugby team. Nobody can tell what the outcome would have been had another game been played; so we shall just have to say we're lucky to be sharing the championship.